THE
FOOL and the KNAVE
UNCAS'D
Or a true
NARRATIVE
OF
The abominable Cheats
OF
VINCENT & COLLINS,
TWO
Dominican Friers
Living in
LONDON.

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EX
BIBLIOTHECA
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THE FOOL and the KNAVE Uncas'd, &c.

THough this Subject deserve, neither Apology, nor Preface, in it self, or is necessary to a well qualified Reader; yet since it is now expos'd to all, you shall have the reason Why, at the door, to prevent you from censuring after you come in.

If it be necessary to distinguish the scabbed Sheep from the flock; the infected in Plague-time, from those in Health; if it be necessary to pull the Sheeps cloathing from the Wolves back; then is it not only lawful, but necessary, for me to expose this to the World, as well to prevent the Contagion of the weaker sort of the Flock, and the censure of a whole Church for a brace of Impostors, as to let all (that have by the inculcation of such odd Precedents conceiv'd a prejudice against us) know how much we disown, dislike, and hate them, and wish, (which is as much

wanted as wiſhed) that there were a Power that not only could, but alſo would, take cognizance of, and puniſh ſuch Malefactors, and out of a true compaſſion to the whole Body, ſeparate the contagious Members. I declare and own as great a tenderneſs to my Neighbours reputation, as to the Apple of my Eye; and therefore hate and abhor, any Perſon that out of envy, malice, or intereſt, ſhall either whiſper about his Neighbours private frailties, which are only to his own particular prejudice, or to magnifie, and add, what is falſe: But when the publick actions of Perſons, are not only hurtful to themſelves, but reflect upon a whole Congregation, and bring a Scandal upon the very Principles of our Religion; it is ſo far from deſerving a cenſure, that there is an obligation ſomewhere incumbent, to let them and their Cheats, be known; that ſo they, and *opprobriums*, and farther contagions may be avoided: I only hang out a Lanthorn, and ſet up a fencing rail at the dangerous precipice: If any Traveller find fault with me, in the night of his ignorance, he'l thank me in the-day light of his better underſtanding. Had not the grand Impoſtor *(Collins)* by ſuborning a Wench to counterfeit her ſelf Demoniac or poſſeſs'd of the Devil, brought a great Scandal upon us, and our Religion; Or *Vincent* the like, by making people

people believe that he and his Wench ſhould dye, and riſe again the third day; and had not the thing been ſo publick, and ridiculous, that even *Poor Robbin* had it in his Divertiſements, to render our Religion ridiculous, at leaſt to the vulgar; I had been ſilent. But now all things oblige me to this impartial Narrative, and I preſume, that after all theſe weighty Reaſons, and the neceſſity of publiſhing this Paper, no one will be ſo void of Charity as to cenſure me of the want thereof, for I heartily wiſh the Converſion of ſuch miſcreants, and do declare, I have no pique at their perſons, but what their deportment deſerves, and our neceſſary defence requires; for (in ſhort) 'tis better the publick acts of two notorious Impoſtors ſhould be laid open, cenſur'd, deteſted, and diſown'd, than a whole Congregation, (by ſmothering the ſame) be rendred Scandalous and Odious.

Vincent and *Collins*, two *Dominican* Friers (for their rare exploits having lately commenced Doctors) are the ſubject of this Diſcourſe, the Stage of their Actions, *London*: What place ſpued them hither, I am as ignorant of, as they of their Native country. Theſe two ubiquitarian Vagabonds having not long ſince taken up their ſtation here, began to conſult, and joyn their Loggerheads together, what gainful Trade was beſt to drive; amongſt many

many propos'd, they agreed upon this, which they acted, and I ſhall relate. In the firſt place (for fear their old forreign Names, ſhould retain with them the ſcent of their forreign exploits) they diſcard them, and aſſume theſe of *Collins* and *Vincent*, this done, (and taking a chearful Cup of the Creature,) they rub up their brazen Faces, and take up their ſtation in the throng of the Fair: But (in all exploits of this kind,) ſome aſſiſtants being neceſſary; they very patly meet with a couple of cunning Jades, as fit for their purpoſe, as a halter for a Thief, theſe they train up for their purpoſes, both to act, and decoy. Firſt *Collins*, who was to act the Conjurer or caſter out of Devils, trains up his Wench to make wry Mouths, ugly Faces, ſquint Eyes, to contract, and dilate her Mouth, to lay out her Tongue, to arm it againſt Fire, to foam at the Mouth with the help of Soap, to make hideous noiſes, to ſpeak through the Noſe (like himſelf with a Pox) broken ends of *Latin*, *Dutch*, and *Iriſh* inſtead of *Greek*. After ſome private tryals how ſhe could perform her part, (as Players do before their publick Act) (and after having made the whole Town ring, of a Maid poſſeſs'd with the Devil,) he makes a publick appointment both of time, and place, where, and when, he and the Devil ſhould enter into

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the Lists for a single touch in a fair Combat. The eminent place, and more then ordinary Persons present I must omit: Now behold all the Spectators present, of several Sexes, Ages, Degrees, and Religions, expecting the result of this great enterprise: The Wench is brought in bound, her Face made pale with Meal like the Picture of Death, and *Collins* with some deluded Assistants, arm'd with all his hypocritical Engines, in *Pontificalibus* makes his entry, at whose presence, the Wench trembles, begins to foam, to roar, to contract all parts, and in fine to empty her whole Budget of tricks, and as if the Devil were in her, utters strange gibberish, which *Collins* the Devils Interpreter explains, to the People, and after having made dissembling address to the People, falls aboard the Wench, and most sacrilegiously abuses all those venerable Ceremonies of the Church, in employing them them to a meer Imposture, and fiction of his own contriving. And parts on both sides were so wickedly well to the life performed, that all swallowed the Gudgeon and were well satisfied, till one of his Assistants, a *Franciscan* Frier, (who, not privy to *Collins*'s design, believed all with the rest) thinking his Girdle had (as the Jesuits Powders) some occult quality, or Power over the Devil; rudely thrust the knot of Saint

Francis

Francis his Cord into her Throat, ſo that the Maid, to avoid a neceſſity of being chok'd, was forc'd to unmask, ſhifts her ſelf by force from the Frier, and in earneſt cries out to the People for Chriſt Jeſus ſake, to aſſiſt her, and reſcue her from the Friers Clutches, which was immediately performed, and *Collins* hiſſed out of the place. *Spectatum admiſſi riſum teneatis amici.* The Maid was afterwards by Authority examined upon Oath, and confeſſed the whole truth of what has been here related.

This unfortunate accident, having diſcourag'd my Gentleman from appearing any more in publick, he hath yet the confidence left, to hold forth in private Families, and impoſes upon weak ſilly Women (his only audience) and there (to ſhew his admired Talents, in vending his *Rhodomontado* balderdaſh,) he ſnivels out his profound Nonſenſe, and draws *John Calvin* through the Noſe. So *Exit Collins*, and Enter *Vincent*.

You have all, I ſuppoſe, heard of the ſtory of one that liv'd in *Martin Luthers* days, a *German* Reformer, who having ſet up for himſelf and bid a defiance to the Pope, and to make himſelf famous in the beginning, by performing a Miracle, ſuborns a Wench for Money to counterfeit her ſelf dead, that he might raiſe her again to life; but Gods juſt Judge-

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ment having ſtrook her dead in earneſt, and he not being able to raiſe her again to life; had (for his Impoſture) much ado to ſave his own life, from the rage of the People. Now whether *Vincent* learnt this trick from the *German* Gentleman, or whether good Wits jump'd, 'tis hard to judge: Yet for matter of Wit, I crave your pardon, for now I think on't, if Frier *Vincents* Head had been as empty of other garbage as of Wit, 'twould have made a brave Drum for Dr. *Fuller* to beat a march on in his Holy War.

But to the ſtory; *Vincent* aſpiring to fame in the World, ſlights *Bellarmines* Speculation, *de arte bene moriendi*, having found out a better himſelf in *praxi*. Firſt therefore he inſtructs his Girl, how to counterfeit Death, privately in his Chamber, and how to Act all the dying poſtures, as opening the Mouth, contracting her Limbs, the careleſs hanging of Head, Hands and Legs, as if deſtitute of motion, adding pale, wan, and livid colours proper to each part: This done, he makes the whole Town ring of this great Miracle, which was to be wrought upon the Maid, to wit, that without any previous Sickneſs, ſhe ſhould die juſt at ſuch an hour, and riſe again the third day; And no time would ſerve his turn, to ſhew his *Hocus Pocus* tricks, but the the Holy time of Lent and Good-friday it

ſelf; to croſs the Proverb, with the worſer deed on the better day. The time drawing near, all preparations are made for this ſtupendious Miracle; People of different Religions are invited, they come to the place appointed; Father *Vincent* then in a ſolemn manner, accompanied with ſome Aſſiſtants, with Bell, Book, and Candle, Croſs, Copes, Holy-water, Sacrament and Holy Oyls; after a ſmall Nonſenſical Oration fit for the purpoſe, applying ſeveral Texts of the Holy Scripture, as that he will not ſuffer his Holy Ones to ſee Corruption, uſing the Plural inſtead of the ſingular number. This ended with a profound ſilence and earneſt gazing, every one expects the event, ſome feared their own ſurmiſes might prove true, others that the Wench might prove with Child, and ſo rather bring one into the World than pack out her ſelf: But the critical minute of *Vincents* preſagement being come, the Wench (having her promiſed reward in her Pocket, before hand and fearing ſome miſcarriage in the buſineſs, and conſequently ſhame and puniſhment;) inſtead of dying, burſts out into a profound laughter, as well ſhe might, and ſo the Impoſtor was diſcovered, and *Vincent* hiſſed at by the People. *Vincent* now too late repents his folly of paying People their Wages before their Work was done; and knowing not which

which way to turn himself here, runs into the Country and the Wench after him, whom he durst not treat but kindly, for fear of farther mischief; there they staid for the space of one year, till the noise was a little over, and then returned to *London*, where *Vincent* fall to his old Trade again, and gets a sodality of the female Sex about him, and Preaches old Womens dreams and fancies, for Revelations and Miracles. One passage I had almost forgot that happened to *Vincent* since his return from the Country.

There is a poor old man in this Town, that once upon a time having stolen a Sheepshead, and being apprehended in the fact, is ever since baited by the Boyes in the streets, who follow him in every cornern with loud acclamations of Sheepshead, it happened one day, that Father *Vincent* passing by, in the midst of these acclamations, and not minding to whom they were directed, surmised himself to be the person they hooted at so loudly, and in a pannick fear, betakes himself to his Heels with his Eyes arsy-versy, the better to view their approach; the nimble witted young Fry, discovering his timerous posture, and causeless flying, conclude him a new Sheepshead, and leaving the old hunted Game, pursue the fresh view, with a full cry of nothing but Shepshead, Sheepshead a new. *Vincent* finding they got ground

upon him, redoubled his fears, and they his pace, ſo that with much ado for that time, he got to ſhelter and eſcaped their fury; but the poor Frier as well as his Breeches were in a terrible twitter, and next day all the ſodality of Siſters, gave thanks for his Miraculous delivery.

Thus you have a brief account of theſe two Montebanks in Religion: I could have wiſhed the ingenious Author of *Hudibras* had light upon this for one of his Subjects, where *Vincent* and *Collins* would have matcht his *Hudibras* and *Ralpho* in all points, and have fitted him to a Cows thumb: Now e'ne let the Players take it up and mould it into a Comedy, 'twill fill their Boxes and Purſes, both eſpecially if they'l but admit *Vincent* and *Collins* to Act their own Parts in Perſon, the beſt Trade they can now drive. Now after all theſe premonitions, and cautions, *Si vulgus vult decipi, decipiatur*, if the People will be cheated let them, and there's an end.

FINIS.